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POPULAR SELECTIONS.

From the Parthenon.

LEGEND OF TICONDEROGA.

"And from the shade of that dark wood,
Mid nature's wildest solitude,
A treacherous eye is bent."—Campbell.

The events of the year 1775 will ever be memorable in the annals of our country's history. The American colonies having long suffered under the oppression of the parent country, had at last vehemently remonstrated against her unjust procedures. Instead of receiving redress, however, for their accumulated grievances, a band of mercenary soldiers was wafted to their shores over the broad waves of the Atlantic, for the purpose of intimidating them into submission. The colonists, indignant at the insult, yet still retaining their faithful allegiance to their common sovereign, continued to present their remonstrances to the throne in an affectionate and respectful manner. But when the first cry of horror and vengeance, arising from the crimsoned plains of Lexington, had been echoed over every valley and mountain of our land, the ties which had so long connected the colonies with Great Britain, suddenly snapped, and they were severed for ever. Then it was that the husbandman, leaving his plough in its furrow and snatching up his long unused weapon, hurried to the scene of action—the professional man forsook his volumes and departed for the battle field—even the timid maiden grew bold in the enthusiasm of the moment, and dismissed without a sigh, a lover or a brother to mingle in the conflict.

The war of the revolution had now fully commenced, and the din of arms was heard throughout the land. Again the armed legions of Britain met the hardy yeomanry of our country in deadly strife, but the bravest of their warriors were stricken down, and the choicest of their band lay scattered on the solitary heights of Bunker. While Washington, at the head of a few undisciplined troops, confined the vaunting foe within the environs of Boston, an expedition was planned and carried into execution by two enterprising officers of the American camp. Having with the utmost exertions collected together a small number of followers, they commenced a dreary and dangerous journey toward the northern frontier, through forests whose solitudes had perhaps never before echoed with the sounds of the human voice. After enduring incredible hardships, most of them arrived at their place of destination, when, by a bold and vigorous attempt, the two important fortresses, Ticonderoga and Crown Point, fell into the hands of the victors. The loss of these to the British was very disastrous, as well as sudden and unexpected; for the former of the above mentioned fortresses commanded, by its situation on the borders of lake Champlain, the whole navigation of its waters.

Ticonderoga was on this account exposed to incessant attacks from the English in conjunction with their allies, the Indians; and various stratagems were employed to regain its possession. As yet, however, the garrison, by their unceasing activity and vigilance, were enabled to secure themselves from any sinister attempts, although their situation had become very precarious from the number and sagacity of the hostile savages. It is at this period, and at this place, that most of the following incidents of our story transpired.

The evening gun of the fortress had already sent its dull report over the waters of Champlain; the gray twilight was slowly enshrouding every distant object in its gloom, when two persons were seen standing without the walls of the fort, apparently engaged in contemplating the scene before them. The one by his dress and mien appeared to be the commandant of the place, while the other, as she gently leaned upon his arm, exhibited the form of a young and beautiful girl. Her hood being negligently thrown back from off her forehead, exposed to view a countenance in every lineament of which some point of beauty could be traced. Gertrude St. Clair had not as yet completed her seventeenth year, and, by the amiability of her disposition, and her gentleness of manners, had so entwined herself

in the affections of her father, that her safety in those times of peril was his only anxious care. He had therefore entrusted her to the protection of one, whose devoted attentions to her slightest wants, if they belied not, indicated that he too shared in a great degree the anxiety of the aged parent. While they gazed on the varied colors and fantastic shapes of the light vapor above them, as reflected from the mirrored waters of the lake, both preserved an unbroken silence. The scene was one which might well impress the mind with feelings of awe and devotion.

In the back ground arose the lofty summit of Mount Defiance, around which were gathering thick masses of clouds tinged with the golden hues of the retiring sun. In front lay the pellucid waters of the lake, into which the proud bird of the mountain, wheeling from his lofty flight, would dip his golden plumage, and then soar far away into the distant air. The deep wooded forests on either side limited the gaze of the beholder to only a narrow space. A solemn stillness had fallen on the face of nature, which harmonized well with the sentiments of those who were thus gazing on the glorious productions of a beneficent Creator.

"How beautiful, Everard," exclaimed the youthful girl, as she turned her full dark eye upon her companion, "how beautiful every thing appears this evening. I could almost wish that I might always live in this secluded, yet beautiful retreat."

"And yet," replied the officer, "how very deceitful are all these beauties, Gertrude. We are at this moment beset by dangers sufficient to intimidate the boldest. See," he continued, pointing with his finger to the dark line of trees that skirted the open ground before them, "in those very woods may be concealed those who are only waiting for the cover of darkness, to execute some hellish plot against our weakened garrison."

The affrighted girl clung closer to his arm as he spoke, and her cheek became blanched with fear, as she instinctively murmured, "I would I were with my father."

"And think you, Gertrude," rejoined her companion, "that I will not shield you with a father's care? Can a father's anxiety for your safety be greater than mine?"

"I do not doubt your willingness, Everard," answered the blushing girl, as her eye sunk in timid bashfulness from his ardent gaze. "But is it not time that we should have received some message from him?"

"True, Gertrude; this very afternoon the Indian scout was to return from the Point, and if my eyes deceive me not, he is now approaching."

The lady, looking in the direction he had pointed, could just perceive a light canoe, as it emerged from the deep shadow which had fallen on the opposite shore of the lake.

Skimming over its glassy surface, the canoe neared the little cove where the boats of the garrison were moored, and immediately after the dark form of an Indian was stealing cautiously towards the entrance. Recognizing the commanding officer, who was awaiting his approach, he paused, and taking a letter from his breast, silently presented it to him.

The person of the scout was low and ungainly, as unlike as possible to the dignified stature of the warriors of the native tribes. Over his features, partially concealed by the increasing darkness, a gleam of savage ferocity seemed to flash, as his eye rested upon the shrinking form of Gertrude. But it was only momentary, for the next instant he had noiselessly retreated to a short distance, and then stood fixed and motionless.

Everard, holding the letter in the direction of the last rays of light, was enabled with some difficulty, to peruse its contents. As he closed it, his brow became clouded, and, with a deeply agitated voice, he informed his companion that her father, who was lying dangerously ill at the Point, requested her instant return.

For a moment, Gertrude shrank from the almost certain dangers of traveling through the forest by night; but filial affection soon usurped her womanly fears, and with a resolute voice, she signified her purpose to depart that very evening to the bedside of her father.

Having returned to the fort, accompanied by the scout, the officer separated from Gertrude, after he had instructed her to meet him at the entrance of the subterranean passage which led to the brink of the lake.

The night had now fully set in, dark and lowering. The ragged vapors which had been collecting about the summit of the towering peak of Defiance, were now stretching across the horizon, wrapping the heavens in their misty veil. Even the faint star light was shut out from view, and the low sighing of the night wind, as it swept by the angles of the walls, presaged a dreary and comfortless watch to the weather-beaten sentinel.

Fully aware of the perils of his journey, Everard selected a number of his choicest men to accompany him. After undergoing the severest scrutiny, as to their arms and equipments, the little troop drew up in silence, at the entrance of the arched passage, headed by their officer. The figure of a female was distinguished leaning against one of its sides, apparently waiting for their approach. The officer having dismounted, assisted Gertrude upon her palfrey, when the whole party, guided by the light of their lanterns, moved along the passage. As they neared its end, the gruff voice of a sentinel, as he rattled his musket on the earth, challenged them. The word being given, they emerged into the open air on the shore of the lake.

Having extinguished their lights, they filed along an uneven and rugged path, which keeping for awhile near the shore, soon entered into the depths of the forest.

It was now that the perils of their journey actually commenced, for they knew not how soon the terrific war whoop might ring in their ears, or the flash of the murderous rifle gleam amidst the thick darkness. A heavy responsibility rested upon the mind of our young officer, for he had not only left the fortress in the care of a slender garrison, but was also rushing into dangers which might end in the total destruction of his party. But he had gone too far to retrace his footsteps, for there were equal difficulties, either in advancing or e - turning.

He now aroused his men by an encouraging whisper, and then riding near Gertrude, he pushed aside the thick branches in her way. But his tender consolations fell heedless on her ear, for she neither answered them nor afforded the least token of recognition to what he uttered. Instead of this, her head was immediately averted whenever he approached her, and her palfrey continually lagged behind. Her conduct was to him inexplicable, except it might be accounted for by the deep sorrow that filled her heart at the situation of her father.

Supposing that this was the fact, he restrained his resentment, and once more riding up to her, was about to speak, when a cry, shrill and piercing, as if from some unearthly being, rang through the forest, causing the horse he rode to tremble with affright.

The whole party immediately halted; and men, whose iron nerves could withstand the shock of battle, now grew pale with fear. After a deep silence of a few minutes, in which the breathing of each individual could be distinctly heard, Everard whispered to the guide to proceed, but with the greatest caution. With all their care, however, it was impossible to prevent the crackling of the decayed branches beneath the footsteps of their horses; and each one, as the startling noise echoed in the woods, would rivet his gaze on the closer objects, as if expecting every moment to behold the eye-balls of a savage peering upon him. The path too became more difficult for the animals, on account of the blasted trees which had fallen directly upon it. The driving clouds had become fewer and thinner, thus affording a more partial light to the bewildered party. Since that foreboding cry was heard, Everard rode closer to the side of Gertrude, for the purpose of protecting her from any sudden attack. But the same silence and apathy with which she had commenced the journey still continued. No answer was ever returned to the many endearing words he whispered in her ear, and she seemed purposely to avoid him by concealing her countenance in the thick folds of her veil. Everard

continued to perplex his mind by endeavoring to account for her extraordinary behavior. Fright could not have thus affected her, for she had evinced no great alarm at the supernatural cry they had heard, and moreover she did not seek his continual assistance. While vexing himself with a variety of surmises, all of which might be wide of the mark, the same shrill, wild cry, wailed on the blast, and so near to him that his horse sprang on one side. It was soon answered by another more distant, and then all again was silent. A vague and horrible sense of their alarming situation for a moment appalled even the fearless mind of Everard. It was certain that the savages were on their trail, and only waiting a favorable opportunity to attack them. Having consulted with the guide in a low whisper, as to the place best fitted to defend themselves from their hidden enemies, he ordered him to push on as rapidly as possible towards the place he had mentioned. The party again proceeded in the same dead silence as before. Every thing around them remained perfectly quiet, and it seemed as if the Indians had only wished to frighten them, for no attempts were made to impede their progress. But Everard knew too well, from bitter experience, that although from a motive unknown to him, the savages still permitted them to proceed without molestation, that their safety would be brief. In a few minutes more they reached the spot selected by the guide.

It was a cleared piece of ground which might formerly have been the bed of a large stream long since dried up. Nothing had since grown upon it except long dank grass, and here and there a dwarfish shrub. At one extremity of this enclosure a quantity of earth had been cast up in mounds, which fronted the forest on that side. Behind the mounds, towards that part of the forest from which they had just emerged, a space intervened of sufficient width to prevent any attack from that quarter being made, without exposing the savages to a murderous discharge from the rifles of the protected party.

In this place Everard and his men stationed themselves, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Having dismounted, their horses were led into the centre, where they stood cowering as if they snuffed the danger in the air. With them Gertrude was also placed, as being the spot most secure from immediate harm. Each man took his station to watch till morning their slender defences.

An hour of intense anxiety rolled over their heads, but all remained buried in the profound stillness of midnight. The moon had at last climbed above the horizon, and the shadows of the clouds, spectre-like, moved swiftly over the ground. The deep shades of the forest were beginning to lengthen, when Everard stealing softly along from his post, gently touched the shoulder of one of the eldest of his band. The aged soldier started at the interruption, but glancing his eye at his officer, resumed his former attitude of watchfulness. Scanning with his keen gaze the position of every object, Everard, in a low whisper, commenced a conversation with his companion.

"It may be, Walter," he began, "that the savages, uncertain of our strength, are afraid to close upon our trail, and have departed in another direction."

The old man having withdrawn his gaze from the wood, answered, with a doubtful shake of the head:—"Fifty years have I been amongst the red men of the forests, but never in that time did I know them to follow a trail so far as they have this, without the death-cry being given by their enemies. No, no, Mr. Everard," continued the aged veteran, "we may lie snug enough for an hour, perhaps, behind this little bit of embankment, but we'll have them leaping and screeching about here long before morning."

"But think you, Walter, we are so far off from the fortress," exclaimed Everard, as he reluctantly credited the truth of the other's remarks, "that the sound of our fire arms will not draw a detachment to assist us?"

"Long before they could arrive," replied the other, "our scalps would be hanging from the girdles of the savages. But, Mr. Everard, have you no strange thoughts about the actions of the girl we've brought along with us?"

The young officer, surprised at the question, and the unaccountable behavior of Gertrude recurring to his mind, with the quickness of thought asked him, in a hurried voice, to explain what he meant.

"I don't exactly know," replied the soldier, "but if I aint very much out of my calculation, the actions of that girl aint been such as one would expect from so delicate a cretur, while waylaid by dangers which, for

a moment, even troubled me. And besides, I noticed that she kept as far away as she could from all of us, which seemed to me somewhat curious, for —"

"Who then do you suspect it is?" interrupted the agitated young man.

"Mr. Everard," earnestly resumed the other, "it is seldom I give my opinion on any subject, unless I have reasons to back it; and when I declare to you, that I believe that girl to be nothing more than a skulking imp of a devil, disguised in the clothes of the lady at the fort, I have good reasons for it."

For an instant the hard breathings of the officer were distinctly audible, as the horrible truth flashed upon his mind, but ere he could resume his composure, the same terrific yell which had alarmed them in the forest, again broke upon his ear. The horses, foaming with affright, broke their bridles and scampered off in wild dismay in different directions; and then the grim form of the traitorous scout, disguised in the hood and cloak of Gertrude, was seen bounding towards the spot where Everard and his companion were situated. Before either of them could level their rifles, he sprang in upon them, and cleaving the skull of Walter with his bright tomahawk, darted into the opposite wood.

The vivid flashes of nearly twenty rifles gleamed in the forest, accompanied by the continued yells of the savages. Everard, after the excitement of the moment had somewhat subsided, stole a glance at the situation of his men. Two lay weltering in their blood, besides the soldier at his feet, and although it might have been expected that more would have fallen under that close discharge, yet even the loss of these was severely felt by the ill-fated band. The utmost vigilance was now to be exercised, as the least exposure of any part of their persons became a fatal mark for the rifles of the savages. But in spite of all their caution, others were severely wounded, and although the death shriek of many an Indian testified that they too suffered, yet Everard foresaw that the moment was rapidly approaching when their destruction would be inevitable.

The firing soon ceased, and every thing resumed its usual quiet, as if the Indians, disappointed in their first onset, were now about to alter their mode of attack. No sooner could Everard reflect upon his situation, than all its horrors passed in rapid review before him. He was conscious that a deep laid plot had been formed to wrest the fortress from his power; how far it had succeeded, was one of the dreadful uncertainties that tortured him. But this was not all; Gertrude must have been barbarously murdered by the treacherous scout. This was of itself enough to madden his brain; and then the speedy fate that was awaiting him, sent an icy coldness to his heart.

While his mind was torn by such reflections, his gaze became riveted upon a dark object which was silently moving towards their concealment. Having in an energetic whisper warned his men of their danger, he gradually raised his rifle, and having pointed it towards the lurking savage, fired. A cry of sharp agony followed the report, and a tall Indian springing high into the air, fell dead to the earth. No sooner had he fallen, than a number of dark forms glided swiftly from the forest.

Although thinned by the murderous discharge from behind the mounds, yet enough were enabled to surmount the slight defences. The battle was now hand to hand. The tomahawk and the knife did their silent work, while many a warrior fell crushed beneath the blow of the rifle. But this contest could not last long, for the unnatural strength with which Everard and his companions had been gifted, by the desperation of the moment, was fast failing them.

A powerful savage having singled out Everard, advanced to attack him. Eyeing him for a moment, he was preparing to close with him, when the sharp crack of a rifle was heard from the opposite woods, and the Indian fell dead at his feet. This was followed by a general discharge; and with a loud shout, a detachment of soldiers from the fort sprang into the open space. Another discharge was poured among the already retreating savages, when the few who had escaped, instantly disappeared in the forest.

Without a moment's delay, the horses, which had fled but a little distance, were caught, and Everard and his surviving companions having mounted, returned as rapidly as possible towards Ticonderoga. Morning had fully dawned before they reached the borders of the lake; but contrary to their expectation, every thing around the fortress was perfectly quiet. As they rode within its walls, Everard, for the first time, dared to inquire whether the body of Gertrude had been found,

and it was a melancholy relief to his mind, when he was answered in the affirmative.

Having retired to his quarters, he immediately fainted, under the excessive agony of his mind and body. He lay in a delirious state during the whole of the day, but towards evening the fever partly left him, when opening his eyes, how greatly was he astonished at beholding the figure of Gertrude watching at his bedside. Doubting whether he had not been dreaming, he attempted to speak, when the slender fingers of the fair vision pressed his lips, satisfying him that she was also a creature of earth. Under the tender watchings of his faithful nurse, he rapidly recovered his former vigor and strength.

Anxious to hear of her wonderful escape, he affectionately requested her to indulge him with a recital of her adventures on that eventful night. With a tear trembling on her beautiful eye-lid, she informed him that after she had left him to prepare for her departure, she returned to her apartment, when just as she had arrayed herself in her traveling habiliments, the Indian scout suddenly entered the room. Having in his low, guttural voice warned her that if she made the slightest noise, that moment would be her last, he snatched off her hood and cloak, and then gagging her with her handkerchief, bound her to her seat.

Disguising himself in the clothes, he left her; and soon after she heard with agony, the faint tramp of the horses as they left the fort. Suspecting that a deep plot had been planned against the life of Everard, she used her utmost exertions to release herself, but in vain. The sentinel, hearing an unusual noise in that portion of the barracks, paused to find out its cause; when raising his lantern to the window, he discovered her situation, and immediately rushing in, liberated her. She instantly gave the alarm to the officer in command, who, assembling a number of his men, set out to rescue the ill-fated party. "But, oh! the thoughtless creature I was," she sobbed, "to peril your life, Everard, and that of others, merely for the sake of indulging my own selfish feelings, but —"

"You have saved my life, dearest Gertrude," exclaimed the young officer, as he pressed her to his breast, "and which shall from this moment be for ever devoted to your happiness."

Not long after, a large party of soldiers, with their arms gleaming in the sunshine, were seen winding their way along the path so often mentioned. Their officer was a noble looking man, past the prime of life. As he entered the fortress, a scream was heard, and Gertrude rushed into the arms of her father.

The letter Everard had received, informing him of the illness of St. Clair, had been a part of the plot designed by the English and their allies. But by a fortunate occurrence, their treacherous designs had completely miscarried.

Before the father departed, his beautiful and heroic daughter was united to Everard, thus consummating to him the cup of bliss which had so nearly been dashed from his lips.

LINDA.

MONTHLY TRAVELER.—The publishers, encouraged by the commendation and patronage bestowed upon their past labors, and determined to spare no exertions to merit a continuance of public favor, will continue the enlarged series of the *Monthly Traveler*, without increasing the price. The January number commenced the volume for 1833, and is presented in an entirely new type, and with a more careful typographical execution. The *Monthly Traveler* is intended to serve the purpose of those who have not access to the uncounted miscellaneous publications of the day; but who are still desirous of availing themselves of their most valuable contributions. It contains the most popular selections from foreign and American publications; original notices of the current literature of the times, and such articles as are calculated to entertain and instruct readers of both sexes and every age. It is published on the 15th of each month, by Badger & Porter, No. 63, Court Street, Boston, at Two Dollars per annum, in advance, or Two Dollars and a Half at the end of the year.

THE WESTERN MEDICAL GAZETTE.—This is a semi-monthly periodical, devoted to Medicine and the Collateral Sciences, conducted by Professors Eberle, Staughton, and Mitchell, of the Medical College of Ohio, and Dr. Bailey. The *Gazette* is published on the first and fifteenth of every month, at the office of the *Evangelist*, Cincinnati; the subscription is Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, payable in advance, or Three Dollars at the expiration of the first six months. Each number of the *Gazette* contains sixteen octavo pages, making a volume of 384 pages, exclusive of the cover—title page and index to be furnished at the expiration of each volume. Eleven numbers of this work are now before the public. Back numbers can be supplied to new subscribers.

CROWNING THE WISEST.

Not many years ago, it happened that a young man from New York visited London. His father being connected with several of the magnates of the British aristocracy, the young American was introduced into the fashionable circles of the metropolis, where, in consequence of his very fine personal appearance, or that his father was reported to be very rich, or that he was a new figure on the stage, he attracted much attention, and became quite the favorite of the ladies. This was not at all relished by the British beaux, but as no very fair pretext offered for a rebuff, they were compelled to treat him civilly. Thus matters stood when the Hon. Mr. M. P. and lady made a party to accompany them to their country seat in Cambridgeshire, and the American was among the invited guests. Numerous were the devices to which these devotees of pleasure resorted, in order to kill that stubborn old fellow who will measure his hours, when he ought to know they are not wanted, and the ingenuity of every one was taxed to remember or invent something novel.

The Yankees are proverbially ready of invention, and the American did honor to his character as a man accustomed to freedom of thought. He was frank and gay, and entered into the sports and amusements with that unaffected enjoyment, which communicated a part of his fresh feelings to the most worn-out fashionists in the party. His good nature would have been sneered at by some of the proud cavaliers, had he not been such a capital shot; and he might have been quizzed, had not the ladies, won by his respectful and pleasant civilities, and his constant attention in the drawing room and saloon, always showed themselves his friends. But a combination was at last formed among a trio of dandies, staunch patrons of the Quarterly, to annihilate the American. They proposed to vary the eternal evening waltzing and piping, by the acting of charades and playing various games, and having interested one of those indefatigable ladies, who always carry their point in the scheme, it was voted to be the thing.

After some few charades had been disposed of, one of the gentlemen begged leave to propose the game called "Crowning the wisest." This is played by selecting a judge of the game, and three persons, either ladies or gentlemen, who are to contest for the crown, by answering successively the various questions which the rest of the parties are at liberty to ask. The one who is declared to have been the readiest and happiest in his answers, receives the crown.

Our American, much against his inclination, was chosen among the three candidates. He was aware that his position, the society with which he was mingling, required of him the ability to sustain himself.

He was, to be sure, treated with distinguished attention by his host and hostess, and generally by the party, but this was a favor to the individual, and not one of the company understood the character of republicans, or appreciated our republic. The three worthies had arranged that their turn for questioning him should fall in succession and be the last. The first one, a perfect exquisite, and with an air of most ineffable condescension, he put his question.

"If I understand rightly the government of your country, you acknowledge no distinction of rank, consequently you have no court standard for the manners of a gentleman, will you favor me with the information where your best school of politeness is to be found?"

"For your benefit," replied the American, smiling calmly, "I would recommend the Falls of Niagara, a contemplation of that stupendous wonder teaches humility to the proudest, and human nothingness to the vainest. It rebukes the trifler, and arouses the most stupid; in short, it turns men from their idols; and when we acknowledge that God only is Lord, we feel that men are our equals. A true christian is always polite."

There was a murmur among the audience, but whether of applause or censure the American could not determine, as he did not choose to betray any anxiety for the result, by a scrutiny of the faces which he knew were bent on him.

The second now proposed his question. He affected to be a great politician, was mustachoeed and whiskered like a diplomatist, which station he had been coveting. His voice was bland, but his emphasis was very significant.

"Should I visit the United States, what subject with which I am conversant, would most interest your people, and give me an opportunity of enjoying their conversation?"

"You must maintain, as you do at present, that a monarchy is the wisest, the purest, the best govern-

ment which the skill of man ever devised, and that a democracy is utterly barbarous. My countrymen are proverbially fond of argument, and will meet you on both these questions, and if you choose, argue with you to the end of your life."

The murmur was renewed, but still without any decided expression of the feeling with which his answer had been received.

The third then rose from his seat, and with an assured voice which seemed to announce a certain triumph, said,

"I require your decision on a delicate question, but the rules of the pastime warrant it, and also a candid answer. You have seen the American and the English ladies; which are the fairest?"

The young republican glanced around the circle. It was bright with flashing eyes, and the sweet smiles which wreathed many a lovely lip, might have won a less determined patriot from his allegiance. He did not hesitate, though he bowed low to the ladies as he answered.

"The standard of female beauty is, I believe, allowed to be the power of exciting admiration and love in our sex; consequently, those ladies who are most admired and beloved and respected by the gentlemen, must be the fairest. Now I assert confidently that there is not a nation on earth, where woman is so truly beloved, so tenderly cherished, so respectfully treated, as in the republic of the United States; therefore the American ladies are the fairest. But," and he again bowed low, "if the ladies before whom I have now the honor of expressing my opinion, were in my country, we should think them Americans."

The applause was enthusiastic, and after the mirth had subsided, so as to allow the judge to be heard, he directed the crown to the Yankee.—*Ladies' Mag.*

THE TRIALS OF WOMEN.—Alas! how little do we appreciate the courage of our fathers, and the fortitude of our mothers, at the soul-trying period of our revolution. In all scenes of public distress, woman is compelled to make exertions, not the less painful, or the less difficult, because they are not performed on the public theatre of a sympathising world. To fasten the knapsack round a father's neck, to fill the cartridges of a beloved husband, and see him go forth to battle, when his little ones are crying for bread, and his desolate home is left at the mercy of the ravager; to have none left to dig the grave of an only son, and to consign him to the cold, damp earth, wept over only by the aged and the helpless, require no ordinary effort of human strength. Yet such were but every-day scenes, during our desperate struggle for independence.—*The Mother's Story Book.*

STORY FROM THE MISHA OF THE RABBINS.—During the absence of the Rabbi Meir from his house, his two sons died; both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened by the law. His wife bore them to her chamber, laid them upon the bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies.

When Rabbi Meir returned, his first inquiry was for his sons. His wife reached to him a goblet; he praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked, "Where are my sons, that they too may drink of the cup of blessing?"

"They will not be far off," she said, placing food before him that he might eat. He was in a glad and genial mood; and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him: "Rabbi, with thy permission, I would fain propose to thee one question."

"Ask it, then, my love," replied he.

"A few days ago a person entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them; should I give them back to him?"

"This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What! wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?"

"No," she replied, "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith." She then led him to the chamber, and stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies.

"Ah! my sons, my sons!" loudly lamented their father, "my sons! the light of my eyes, and the light of my understanding. I was your father—but ye were my teachers in the law."

The mother turned away, and wept bitterly. At length she took the husband by the hand, and said, "Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was entrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!"

"Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed the holy man; "and blessed be his holy name for ever."

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

ELOQUENCE.—Eloquence is essentially the grandest department of mind. Poetry may steep her wings in immortality, but her most daring conceptions, and her sublimest thoughts, affect the intellect alone. There is no power in the wand; her empire is only in the world of the imagination. Painting and sculpture are lower still; for their best excellence is but successful imitation. Eloquence stands distinct in its requisites; and every attribute of mind is blended in its perfection, like the prismatic colors in a ray of pure and unshadowed light. The poet chains the ideas, the musician lays thought asleep, and the painter and sculptor please but the fancy or excite our wonder; the impulse that they stir can not be communicated to the mass. But the orator, who can *speak* an epic, and invest ideas at the moment, with the vivid truth of the painter's study or the sculptor's labor; who moulds the passions at his will, and holds the rein of every emotion in his hand; wields a power of a far different kind; he is a magician of a higher order, and commands spirits no other enchanter can call up.—*Knickerbocker.*

NIGHT.—There is a dignity and sublimity in the face of night, in comparison with which the garnish glare of day sinks into insignificance. The broad sunshine, it is true, sheds a charm over the face of nature, animate and inanimate; it tips the laughing landscape with its brightness, and raps it in a radiant veil. Its advent is welcomed by the feathered songsters of the grove; and enlivened by its ray, man sallies forth to revel mid its beamings. In its presence, mirth uplifts her playful voice, and sadness wipes away the tears that tremble on her downcast lid. It robs pain of half her tortures, and slavery of more than half her wretchedness. It draws its dazzling curtain before the eye of retrospection, and shuts out the haggard grief of by-gone hours; even thought is trameled in its silvery meshes, and imagination flies before the wizard workings of its creative power. But when bright eyed night comes on in her gloomy majesty, and spreads her sable mantle round the world, adorned with all the living lights, the distant orbs that whirl through ether in their bright career, and point to where the finger of Omnipotence has traced the limits of their flight, when man, and beast, and all the structures of his wisdom melt away and mingle with the gloom, and seem as if destruction's fiat had gone forth to mar the face of nature, and confound its fairest tintings with its foulest blots; when sight no more avails, resistless totters onward in its hidden path disarmed to utter helplessness; when wild imaginations flap their wings, and fancy mocks us with the strange creations of her airy kingdoms; 'tis then that night asserts her sway in all its grandeur, and our freed spirit springs upwards straight, and soars to him who made the whole. Memory unseals the fountains of the past, backward rolls the torrent of revolving years, on whose darkened surface we behold the images of things that have been. 'Tis then that Hope uplifts her magic wand, and spreads before her sight those gorgeous palaces and airy halls through which unshackled Fancy plays, and points with laughing eye to scenes which by their splendor mock the sober shades of dull reality. Thought mounts from star to star, peopling with beings of a purer cast, the glittering spheres that swim in ether, till, lost in other worlds, no more we dream of that on which we dwell. Upon the stately march of night, Oblivion waits, and breathes her soothing influence o'er wearied man. No more he wrestles with the cares of life, but lays him down to steep his senses in forgetfulness, and from the balmy breast of slumber, plucks new strength to war against the sea of troubles. Powerless himself, he trusts in him by whose uplifted arm creation is sustained, and fearlessly seeks repose beneath the shadow of the Almighty wing.—*Baltimore American.*

A SWARM OF BEES.—Be quiet. Be active. Be patient. Be humble. Be prayerful. Be watchful. Be hopeful. Be loving. Be gentle. Be merciful. Be gracious. Be just. Be upright. Be kind. Be sincere. Be diligent. Be lowly. Be long suffering. Be not faithless, but believing, and the grace of God be with you.

TRUTH.—Weigh not so much what men say as what they prove; remembering that truth is simple and naked, and needs not invective to apparel her comeliness.

We should endeavor to poetize our existence; to keep it clear of the material and grosser world. Music, flowers, verse, beauty, natural scenery, the abstractions of philosophy, are all important to that end.

EDUCATION.

From the Messenger and Advocate.

FEMALE EDUCATION—STUDIES, &c.

From the facts already brought forward, it must be acknowledged that a moral waste pervades society to a great extent, owing to defective Female Education. It is now time that the inquiry should be made—what can fertilize this widely spread region of intellectual and moral defects, and cause its barren tracts to bloom with perpetual verdure? What shall make man more like his maker, and woman like the pure spirits of the ethereal world? The answer is at hand. *Thorough Christian Education*, through the influence of the well taught mother. Her mind should be well cultivated and thoroughly disciplined. Her path should be marked out, not for ease and effeminacy—not to recline on beds of roses, or dance the flowery turf; but for activity and extended usefulness. Her labors should begin when reason dawns, and end only with the exit of the same, or her mortal career. Some course of education should be pursued, which will begin at an early age. By this we do not mean that children should begin the study of books very early in life, but, that the influence of the mother in training the youthful mind, should be exerted as soon as her children can feel the effects of the same. The mother's labors should begin even before the child can be benefited by the Infant School. Her efforts should be felt, before language has its power. Her influence may then be such as will tell for the destinies of eternity. We here take it for granted that the mother is prepared for her duties. After the mother makes a beginning, though in too many instances she makes no beginning for her children—the Infant School may take the child under its own direction. The success of these schools shows that something may be done effectually for early education. Though humble in their character, they perform much that is praiseworthy. They are, in fact, the pioneers in the march of mind. From these fountains go forth streams that will fertilize the world. Some have objected to these institutions, because they are said to take the mother's duty from her hands. True it is, that none save the mother, should have the moulding of the infant mind. It is too often found necessary, however, to send the child to school to be trained, because the mother is wholly unqualified for her duties. And till mothers shall know their duties, and how to attend to them, the Infant School must do much for early culture.

No reason can be given, why the early education of children should be in any way different. Perhaps we might say with propriety, that with the exception of that which is strictly professional, the education of both males and females should be the same. In the first place, both sexes should attend to bodily exercise as regularly as to their sleep or food; for without early physical culture, no solid foundation can be laid, on which to build a mental fabric. That exercise should be taken in the open air—either walking, running, jumping, or driving the hoop, for summer; and sliding or skating for winter. For it is found necessary that children should have amusement connected with all their pursuits. Some may object to females skating, thinking it improper; but we see no impropriety in it. If children of both sexes play together in the nursery, why should they not take their exercise and amusement together elsewhere? There should be more systematic physical exercise in early life. It should be considered even a duty, that it may be more strictly attended to, in mature years. By taking effectual bodily exercise, the ligaments that now bind the tender bodies of the young, and the enfeebled ones of the more advanced in life, would necessarily be laid aside, and nature would assume her influence on the human frame, and deformity of shape would give place to natural symmetry. Let this subject receive the attention it deserves, and a new order of things will be seen, not only as it regards females, but even all classes of the human family. The world would soon become the better for it.

To say that females should not be educated, so as to endure the changes of season and climate, is as absurd as it is unfair. We say unfair, for to attempt to educate females without proper physical culture, is to make them victims of disease prepared for an early grave. This subject is, by far, too much neglected and looked upon with indifference, and by those, whose duty it is to instruct others to attend to it. Where the body has been well trained, and moral principles have been deeply fixed by maternal care, intellectual education may be commenced. Much intellectual instruction, however,

may be given orally, before it would be well to commence any study with books. Children should be early led to see the wonders of nature, and in these things they will take an absorbing interest. Perhaps Natural Science should first claim the attention, even before reading is taught. As soon as reading is begun, the outlines of Geometry should be learned from apparatus, in connection with which mental Arithmetic should hold a place. It is to be regretted that this last study is overlooked by so many as it is, even by teachers. Many think it beneath their notice, because its beginning is so simple—forgetting that nature in her own robes is true simplicity. Its object is not merely to strengthen the expanding mind, but to form habits of careful, patient thought, which nothing else will so efficiently produce.

The fundamental branches of an English education—Geography, English Grammar, and written Arithmetic—should be thoroughly studied. Some course that shall introduce the Natural Sciences much earlier than they have been introduced, in times past, should be adopted. The child, the female in particular, she who is to be the future founder of empires, should be led forth, at an early age, to hold converse with nature, in all her mighty works. Woman is far better prepared for her duties, by being fundamentally, not superficially acquainted with Botany, Zoology, Geology, and Mineralogy, than she otherwise could be. These studies are not only important in themselves, but they give the learner extreme delight, through all her various steps. A knowledge of the human frame should be obtained by all, especially by females. How much more profitably might the time be spent, in our primary schools, if, instead of confining the active minds of the young altogether to the Spelling Book, teachers should devote a considerable portion of each day, in showing their pupils how "fearfully and wonderfully they are made." This course would send the instruments of torture, now in use, to their own place—the dark abodes of chaos. For no one would enshroud herself in whalebone or steel, when she is well acquainted with her own system. "Nothing is more worthy of a thoughtful, reasonable being, than the fearful and admirable structure of her own body. It is a great mistake to suppose that there is anything disagreeable in itself, in the sight of the frame work and organization of the human body. Nor is it of small importance that it raises woman above the weakness of vulgar fear, and leads her to regard with interest whatever is intrinsically interesting."

Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry, should be systematically pursued, and well understood, that the instructive pages of nature's wondrous volume should not be sealed, but ever open before the eye. No mother is certainly prepared for her arduous duties, without a knowledge of these. She should be able to show to her children, nature in all its enchanting loveliness, that they may be taught a lesson in every object. In the flower of the lawn—the oak of the forest—the bright stars of evening—the threatening thunder cloud—and the vivid lightning.

This work should not be performed with frigid indifference, but with a devout, enlivening feeling. At the opening of the day, when cottage and palace are catching the rays of the returning sun, and the far off city glows with its burnished towers and steeples, she should lead them forth from their slumbers, and make them feel its brightest glories. When gray evening begins to cast its hues over the eastern hills, she may teach them to admire the glory and beauty of their Creator, in the far spread landscape, over which the lengthened shadows are extending their giant forms. In the setting sun, she may teach them a lesson, not easily forgotten—that our sun of life will decline, and leave behind the world and all its various scenes, but will rise again on the morn of the Resurrection. And when night, over a busy world, has widely unfurled her sable canopy, she should lead them forth to gaze on the blue depths of ether, studded with countless gems. Let her teach them that these twinkling stars are the work of our common Father—formed not merely to light up and adorn our evening sky, but that each sparkling luminary is a Sun to worlds like our own. Let her here teach them a lesson of humility—that the lofty city, with its monuments and costly buildings, will be destroyed—that the pleasing landscape will lose its verdure—that the lights of heaven will be deprived of their lustre, that each, in its turn, will fall from its sphere—and that our bright sun will be turned to darkness. From all these, let her teach them that they too must feel the decay of time, and be called hence to another state of existence.

SELECTED ESSAYS.

From the Boston Traveler.

IMPORTANCE OF A WELL BALANCED CHARACTER.

Where is the essayist who has not expatiated largely upon character? Where the philosopher, who has not given precepts as to its formation? Yet in what do so many awfully mistake? Upon what rock have so many bright hopes and fond anticipations been wrecked? Its victims are not confined to one class of individuals—but numbers in every grade, from the highest to the lowest, here take a fatal step; and before they are aware, the destructive vortex engulphs them. Many who indulge in fanciful chimeras of the future, who are cherishing high-wrought hopes, that their names will ere long shine in conspicuous character in fame's proud temple, who in anticipation have often realized the time when the laurels of glory will be wreathed around their brows, are fast urging on to the inextricable mal estroom.

The youthful aspirant may now be seen exerting all his power in the cultivation of his memory—the midnight lamp often finds him conning over the most abstruse subjects, those which will be of no use to him only as far as memory is concerned. In his endeavors to improve his memory, he permits all the other faculties of his mind to remain in a state of inactivity.

Another toils with the most indefatigable industry and perseverance to improve his imagination. And many possess one faculty cultivated to a very high degree, while in all their other powers they are unparadoxically deficient.

And it becomes a matter of no small importance, to those who are preparing to take an active part on the great drama of human action, whether it will be the wisest method they can adopt, to cultivate and adorn one faculty to the exclusion of others: whether or not by following such a course they will become greater ornaments in society. Every reflecting mind methinks can very soon decide the question.

Let us for one moment examine and endeavor to trace out the advantages and disadvantages arising from pursuing the former course. As an example, let an individual devote all his time and attention to cultivating his imagination. Would such a person be prepared to go forth into the world, and exert that influence upon society which he might, did he possess an equilibrium in his character? When called upon to discharge those duties which would call into action that faculty, which during his whole life had been his idol, he doubtless would acquit himself with honor. But when drawn out of his immediate sphere, he would no longer be at home; immediate difficulties would surround him; and like the traveler that had lost his way, he would not know which way to turn; all would appear dark and gloomy. Do we think it at all strange that the untutored savage is not able to explain the planetary system and the manner in which it revolves? We ought to think it no more strange that the man who is eminent in one branch, should not meet with equal success, when engaged in those subjects which require powers of mind to be brought into operation, which he has ever permitted to lie dormant. It is not such men who wreath for themselves crowns of unfading laurels. Their names, generally, are consigned with their bodies to the dust.

Would young men be prepared to go forth into the world, and act well their part on the stage of life, prosecute successfully whatever they undertake—they must possess a well balanced character. Although they may be great geniuses—although nature may have been profuse in lavishing her bounties on them—still, in order to exert a greater influence, they must possess a well balanced character. Many who have not possessed it, have often for consolation applied to themselves, that couplet which came from the harp of the melancholy Gray:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Our country demands active and energetic men—men who can enter into all kinds of business—men who can grapple with any emergency, and feel themselves at home in every department. Thus they will not only obtain higher offices of honor and trust—but will render their lives more pleasant and happy. Many flowers will they find strewn in their path—many sweets with which to regale their senses in the thorny road of life, which they would never find did they pursue a contrary course.

The one tends to strengthen the mind, the other to enervate—for while one faculty is beautified and

adorned, the others being left entirely uncultivated, would only have a tendency to retard. The watchword of the present day is onward, onward.

In the formation of character, no one can be too careful. What is a person without it? How does he adorn society? It is a safe guide among the shoals and quick sands of life. In adversity he will be sustained by it; trials he will be enabled to endure. It will not, like the vain things of this world, when distress comes upon him and dangers stand thick around, take its flight and leave him to wander in the labyrinths of care and vexation, but will ever stand by him as a friend. It can not be too highly prized, its value we can not comprehend. Wealth, titles, and honors, when put with it into the balance, become mere drops, utterly worthless.

J. M. N.

From the Western Medical Gazette.
THE STUDY OF MIND.

It is generally believed that a taste for metaphysical investigation has, of late years, remarkably declined. A long while has elapsed since the publication of any excellent and original treatise on mental philosophy. There is such a matter-of-fact spirit abroad in the world, that men will hardly listen to any thing which is not obviously practical in its character, and does not derive its evidence from sources amenable to sense. Experiment has pushed speculation aside, and the philosophy most admired is that of material nature. We do not pretend to question the utility of a deep devotion to the extension of physical science. Matter is the servant of mind, and it is expedient to search out all its qualities and capacities, that we may make it minister more abundantly to the necessities and artificial wants of our nature. Still, we may be permitted to regret, that the wonderful principle which thus subdues matter to its dominion, and is itself the microcosm wherein we behold a transcript of the outer universe, with all its minute and magnificent phenomena, should yet be suffered to dwell in darkness, with laws and powers unstudied and unrevealed.

When we consider the high and important character of mental science, it would be difficult to account for so general inattention to its subjects, did we not remember the extreme toil and caution required in their investigation. Steady, clear-eyed, and discriminative must be that reflection, which can discern the multifarious and quickly fleeting thoughts. There can be little wonder, therefore, that psychological inquiry should display few attractions to the many, seeing that from the time their eyes first opened to the light, they have been so deeply immersed in material phenomena, as almost to forget the existence of the spiritual principle within them. Their thoughts have become so glued to palpable objects, that it is a painful task to sunder the connection, and, gathering themselves within themselves, retire for self-examination to the depths of their own minds: so painful, indeed, they rather choose to consider the effort as vain, and the objects of it futile. With such, metaphysics is a by-word of contempt. Ignorant of its legitimate province, and too indolent to examine, they would excuse their own deficiencies by a misrepresentation of its objects.

Whatever is unchangeably mysterious or uselessly subtle; whatever is seemingly wise or viciously sophistical; whatever, in a word, is impossible to be known, or being known, utterly worthless, is stigmatised as metaphysical, and we are desired to believe that metaphysics mean nothing more.

The preacher prefaces his discourse, by telling his hearers he does not mean to amuse them with metaphysical speculations, but to profit them by the exhibition of truth. The barrister avoids all metaphysical subtleties, and wishes to test the case by reason alone. The statesman bases his argument on the broad foundations of experience, and denounces the metaphysical jargon of his visionary opponent. Now this antithesis of metaphysics to reason, common sense, and experience, to whatever is excellent, lovely, and of good report, is altogether too stale and stupid for good taste to approve, and too absurd to be tolerated any longer by the intelligent.

Such men are apt to glory in the excellence of experimental philosophy, but they do by no means comprehend the extent of its legitimate range. They confine it to the objects of sense, whereas it includes within its compass the subjects of reflection. Whatever is felt, thought, or acted in the inner man, no less than what is perceived by the outward being, must be known and determined by experience. There is an experimental philosophy of mind, as well as matter. It would, methinks, take away much from the glory of philosophy,

if it had to do alone with the fleeting materials and mechanical movements of external nature, which are certainly of far less dignity than the wonderful things of an imperishable and self-impelled spirit.

It is an unlucky circumstance, that people will persist in mis-interpreting the objects of the modern metaphysician. They should understand that he is quite a different being from the scholastic brother of the dark ages. He does not waste his ingenuity in the solution of mysteries, propounded by the imagination and inconsistent in nature; in proving what calls for no proof, and disproving what forbids even a doubt; nor does he pretend to discourse on the nature of angels, or the essence of spirit, with its hidden method of operation. His inquiry is of a very different sort. As observation constitutes the proper ground of a material philosophy, reflection, he conceives, affords a basis for mental philosophy. Reflection rightly conducted, though a more laborious process than observation, is not more deceptious in its results. By it the metaphysician seeks to know, not the essential nature of mind, for such knowledge is too high for him, but the quality of its operations, their tendencies, results, and laws, their reciprocal action, and the relation they hold to extrinsic circumstances. By the same power he is furnished with grounds for indicating, tracing out, and determining the functions and capabilities of mind. Moreover, reflection alone can discern the distinctions of thought, and is consequently the only source of a correct definition of words. Every man that would define correctly, must reflect, and he that reflects, or looks at his thoughts, that he may select for them suitable language, is so far a metaphysician. The metaphysician, therefore, instead of being a sophist and a visionary, is an experimental philosopher, and holds converse with the most important realities.

Notwithstanding these truths, many are pertinacious in supposing metaphysical knowledge useless, because it has no direct, practical aptitudes. Any one, however, who will consider how much the improvement of the arts depends upon the progress of the sciences, and how greatly the excellence of the sciences depends on the method of their investigation, and how intimately the method of investigation is associated with an acquaintance with the capabilities and aptitudes of mind, will be obliged to confess the extensive availability of metaphysical science to the increase of human happiness. Let him then take into the account the vital importance of education, and recollect that all educational systems must be founded in a correct or erroneous knowledge of the spiritual principle, and he will confess that there is no inquiry of deeper interest, than an inquiry into the powers and laws of mind. * * Nor let it be deemed a profitless occupation. Besides the beneficial effects already noted, speculation of this sort tends to elevate the taste; to induce a habit of masculine thought; to preserve the mind from frittering away its energies in frivolous pursuits; to sharpen its powers of discernment; to reveal the right grounds of truth and probability; to confer power of correct language, and a readiness in detecting sophism. B.

MAN—WOMAN.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and battle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world, it is there her ambition strives for empire—it is there her avarice seeks for hid treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart. When disappointed she is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth and shedding leaf by leaf, until wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

It is said of one of the first writers of Queen Anne's time—"He kept the best company of the age in which he lived—a thing not less necessary to make a polite writer, than a well-bred gentleman."

HISTORY.

From the Western Monthly Magazine.

THE FIRST CHAPTER OF THE HISTORY OF OHIO.

More than a century had elapsed, after Columbus had discovered the western continent, before any permanent settlement was made in North America. The first was the colony of Virginia, in 1607, by the English; and in the next year, the French planted their first colony in Canada. The English settlements were confined, for some time, to the vicinity of the coast; while the French gradually extended theirs up the St. Lawrence, and upon the lakes.

It is not known that any white man ever explored what is now called the western country, until the year 1673, when a French missionary, named Marquette, went from Mackinaw, at which place his countrymen had established a post two years before, by the way of the Wisconsin river, to the Mississippi. After having descended to the mouth of the Arkansas, and being satisfied, from its course, that the Mississippi discharged itself into the gulf of Mexico, he thought it imprudent to proceed further, and returned to the mouth of the Illinois, which he ascended, and passed over to lake Michigan. After his return, he resided among the Indians, until his death in 1675, and his discoveries were lost sight of, until, in 1680, La Salle, who commanded a fort where Kingston now stands, at the foot of lake Ontario, built a vessel upon lake Erie, which he named the Griffin, and having sailed through the lakes, disembarked somewhere near Chicago. Having sent back the vessel, which was never heard of afterwards, he crossed over to the Mississippi, by the way of the Illinois river, and descended to the gulf of Mexico, from whence he took passage to France. Sometime afterwards, he returned and ascended the Mississippi, and in crossing over towards the lakes, by land, he was murdered by one of his own party, somewhere in Illinois. An account of the expedition was afterwards published by Father Hennepin, a missionary, who accompanied La Salle in his voyage. He and his party probably saw nothing of what now constitutes the state of Ohio, unless it was at some occasional landings on the shore of lake Erie, in the beginning of the expedition. Soon after his voyage, the French missionaries began to traverse the country through which he had passed, and the government established military posts on the lakes. Several settlements were made on the Mississippi, above the mouth of the Ohio, and about the year 1735, one was made on the Wabash, at Vincennes.

Very little notice was taken of the country on the head waters of the Ohio, by either the French or English government, until about the middle of the last century. Both parties claimed it, but neither took any steps to occupy it. The French, upon good grounds, considered themselves as having the best right to it, because they had been the first to explore it, and it was situated as a kind of connecting link between their possessions in Canada and Louisiana; but satisfied with traversing the country undisturbed by the English, they took no further steps to establish their claims, and made no other settlements in addition to those on the Mississippi and Wabash. The English claim to the country was founded upon the royal charters to the different colonial governments, which included in their grants, all the country westward of the settlements on the Atlantic, within the same parallels of latitude, to the Pacific; but this claim, like that of the French, was not carried into effect by any measures for the formal occupation of the territory. About the year 1749, however, both nations began to be impressed with the importance of the country, and to prepare to establish their respective claims. In that year, the governor general of Canada sent a party to deposit medals at the mouths of rivers and other important places in the disputed territory, asserting the right of the king of France to all the country watered by the river Ohio and its branches. About the same time, a number of merchants and other persons of note in Virginia and Maryland, and also in England, formed an association under the name of the Ohio Company, and obtained a grant from the crown of England of six hundred thousand acres of land on the waters of the Ohio, together with very extended privileges as a trading company, which assured them an almost entire monopoly of the traffic with the Indians. This company soon commenced operations, by sending out surveyors and traders, by some of whom a post was established on

one of the branches of the Great Miami river, which was the first known establishment made by white men within the state of Ohio. This fort was taken in 1752, by the French, who carried the traders prisoners to Presque Isle, now Erie in Pennsylvania, at which place they had, shortly before that time, built a fort. They also built a fort upon the Alleghany, and began to pursue their design of establishing themselves in possession of the disputed country, with so much vigor, that the governments of Pennsylvania and Virginia became alarmed at their encroachments, and in 1753, George Washington was sent by governor Dinwiddie, with a letter to the French commandant, remonstrating against their proceedings, as an infringement of the rights of the king of Great Britain. The French disregarded the remonstrance, and in 1754, built Fort Du Quesne, at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela, where Pittsburg now stands. The war between France and England then ensued; the French evacuated Fort Du Quesne in 1758; and in 1763, at the conclusion of peace, France surrendered Canada, and renounced all her claims to any part of the country east of the Mississippi. Between the peace of 1763 and the commencement of the American revolution, the settlements were extended across the mountains, into the western parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia, but none were made in Ohio. Soon after the commencement of the war, questions were started with regard to the unappropriated lands belonging to the different colonies; and in consequence of the different views of the subject taken by congress, and by the government of Virginia, the legislature of that state passed a law to prevent settlements on the northwest side of the Ohio river, in order to obviate any difficulties or jealousies which might arise before the question was finally determined. In congress, it was claimed that, as the lands were alienated from the British government, and the acquisition was to be maintained and defended by the common exertions and at the common cost of the blood and treasure of all the states, they should belong to all the states in common, and should become a fund out of which the expenses of their preservation might be reimbursed. The sovereignty of the crown, and with it, the possessions of the crown, were said to have been transferred to the supreme power of the American commonwealth, which was the congress, and it would be unfair that any state should receive a larger share of those lands than others which contributed an equal amount towards their acquisition. Virginia resisted this claim on the ground that the territorial limits of the respective states must be the same that were prescribed and defined in their respective charters as colonies, by which alone their boundaries could be determined; and that to deprive any one state of a portion of her territory, would be a subversion of her sovereignty and an infringement of the articles of confederation. She declared her willingness, however, to supply lands in her territory on the northwest side of the Ohio river, without purchase money, to the troops on continental establishment of such states as had no unappropriated lands for that purpose, provided the other states which had such lands would also contribute their proportions in the same manner. At length, after the subject had been much agitated and had excited considerable jealousy and uneasiness, Virginia made a proposition to congress, and terms were finally acceded to, in conformity with which, in 1781, she executed a deed of cession and surrendered to the United States, all her jurisdiction over the country northwest of the Ohio, retaining the right of soil to the district between the Little Miami river and the Scioto, for the remuneration of her own troops. Her claim, under her charter, extended to the forty-first parallel of latitude, and all north of that line, within the boundaries of the present state of Ohio, was covered by the charter of Connecticut, by which state the rights of jurisdiction and soil were surrendered to the general government, in 1786, with the exception of the district known as the Western Reserve, the jurisdiction of which was also ceded in 1800, the right of soil being retained. In this manner the territory became the property and care of the general government.

While the settlements of the country on the north side of the Ohio river was thus prevented and delayed, Daniel Boone and those who followed him were establishing themselves in Kentucky. That country, when first visited by these adventurers, was not inhabited by the Indians, but was a kind of common hunting ground, to which the tribes

to the north and south of it resorted in pursuit of game, and which was frequently the scene of their battles, when hostile parties happened to meet. The Indians were not at that time in a state of determined hostility towards the whites; but they soon began to consider them as intruders, and to be alarmed at their advancement into their country and encroachment upon their hunting grounds, the certain consequence of which, they saw, would be the destruction and dispersion of the game upon which they placed so much reliance for their subsistence. They soon, therefore, showed a determination to oppose the occupation of the country, and to expel or destroy those who were endeavoring to effect it. A war ensued, in which the Kentuckians found the Indians on the north of the Ohio, their most dangerous and determined enemies. Many of the events of this war may properly be considered as constituting a part of the history of Ohio, which, being at the time inhabited by one of the hostile parties, was frequently the scene upon which those events occurred; for an irruption of the Indians into Kentucky was generally followed by an expedition against their towns in retaliation, and whatever injury was inflicted upon the party on one side of the river, it was revenged by them in reprisals upon the other.

One of the principal Indian towns in Ohio, was Chillicothe, the Shawnese capital. It was situated upon the Little Miami river, being the place now called Oldtown, between Xenia and the Yellow Springs. It was visited in the year 1773, by captain Thomas Bullitt, who was on his way down the Ohio river to the falls, with a party from Virginia, who intended to make surveys and settlements there. He knew that they claimed the country where he wished to settle, as their hunting ground, and that it would be important to procure their assent to the measure, rather than incur their hostility by what they would consider an intrusion. He therefore left his party on the river, and proceeded alone to Chillicothe, without sending any notice of his approach, and without having been met or observed by any one, arrived at the town, displaying a white flag as a token of peace. The inhabitants were surprised at the sudden appearance of a stranger among them, in the character of an ambassador, and gathered around him. They asked him what news he brought—where he came from—and why, if he was an ambassador, he had not sent a runner before him to give notice of his approach? He answered, that he had no bad news—that he had come from the *Long Knife*, which was the common appellation of the Virginians among the Indians, and that his business was, as the white men and red men were at peace, to have a talk with his brothers about living on the other side of the Ohio. He told them he had sent no runner, because he had none swifter than himself, and could not have waited his return if he had one. He ended by a question after their own manner; whether, if one of them had killed a deer and was very hungry, he would send his squaw to the town to tell the news, and not eat until she returned? This idea pleased the Indians, and he was taken to their principal wigwam and regaled with venison; after which the warriors were convened, and he addressed them in a speech, in which he told them of his desire to settle upon the other side of the river and cultivate the land, which he declared would not interfere with their hunting and trapping, and expressed his wish that they should live together as brothers and friends. The Indians, after a consultation among themselves, returned him a favorable answer, consenting to his proposed settlement, and professing their satisfaction at his promises not to disturb them in their hunting. The matter being settled to the satisfaction of both parties, captain Bullitt took his leave and returned to his party on the river, with whom he proceeded to the falls, where they selected and surveyed their lands. They then returned to Virginia, in order to make the necessary preparations for commencing their settlement permanently, but Bullitt died before that object was accomplished.

Notwithstanding the pacific disposition of the Indians at the time of Bullitt's visit to them, it was not long until they evinced one entirely different. Early in the next year, some white men murdered the family of Logan, upon the Ohio, near the mouth of the Kenawha; and about the same time, the Indians began to be alarmed at the increasing numbers of adventurers into Kentucky. At length they attacked and routed the surveyors who were engaged in selecting and locating lands, some of whom were killed, and others forced to return to Virginia; and at the same

time, a general war ensued along the frontiers upon the head waters of the Ohio and Kenawha. To put a decisive check to the aggressions of the Indians in that quarter, an army was raised in Virginia, consisting of upwards of three thousand men, one division of which, amounting to about one thousand five hundred, under the command of colonel Andrew Lewis, was dispatched to the mouth of the Kenawha, while the other party, under the command of governor Dunmore, directed its course to a higher point on the Ohio. The division under colonel Lewis, on arriving at the mouth of the Kenawha, was attacked in the point formed by its junction with the Ohio, by an equal body of Indians, consisting of Shawnese, Delawares, Mingoes, and Tawas. The battle commenced at sunrise, on the 10th of October, 1774, and lasted until sunset, when the whites were left in possession of the field by the retreat of the enemy, having had fifty-three men killed, and about ninety wounded. On the evening after the fight, an express arrived from the governor, who was ignorant of the battle which had occurred, with orders to colonel Lewis's division to join that under the command of the governor, in the neighborhood of the Shawnese towns. Col. Lewis accordingly crossed the Ohio, and was proceeding agreeably to his orders, when he was met by another express, with the information that a treaty had been concluded with the Indians, who had forever ceded all their lands south of the Ohio river to the whites. It was at that treaty that governor Dunmore received the celebrated speech of Logan, the chief of the Mingoes, justifying the part he had taken in the war, on account of the unprovoked murder of his family by colonel Cresap, which he had determined to revenge.

The treaty made by lord Dunmore did not secure the adventurers in Kentucky from the further hostility of the Indians, who continued to infest the country, murdering or carrying into captivity every one that fell into their power, without regard to age or sex. The white people shut themselves up in garrisons; but being obliged to depend for subsistence, in a great degree, upon the game in the woods, every attempt to procure it was attended with the risk of life or liberty. Their enemies were constantly prowling and lurking about the forts, so that no one could feel secure in leaving their walls; and sometimes the Indians appeared before them in considerable numbers, and held them in a state of siege for several days, making determined efforts for their destruction. After the revolutionary war commenced, the hostility of the savages was excited and increased by the British, who occupied the posts on the lakes. It was thought that no measure could be more effectual in bringing the colonies into subjection, than that of inflicting upon their long-extended frontier, all the miseries and horrors of a bloody and unrelenting Indian warfare. To make this the more terrible, the Indians were incited by rewards for all the scalps they could take, at the same time that they were reminded of the necessity of making every exertion for the destruction of the white people, whose encroachments were depriving them of their homes and hunting grounds. The British were not content, however, with merely inciting the Indians, but frequently joined them in their incursions, and aided them by their experience, in a different mode of warfare from that to which they were accustomed; and these combinations were frequently more formidable to the Americans than invasions by much larger bodies of Indians would have been, if not aided by their civilized allies. The Kentuckians were, of course, peculiarly exposed to all these attacks. They were in the midst of their enemies, and beyond the efficient aid of their friends.

In the year 1777, the settlements in Kentucky were only three in number—Boonsborough, Harrodsburg, and Logan's station. In that year the Indians made most determined efforts to destroy the whole of them—besieging Harrodsburg once, and each of the other stations twice, without effect, however, although the garrisons were reduced to great extremities.

In February, 1778, Daniel Boone was hunting for the purpose of supplying a party who were making salt at the Lower Blue Licks, when he fell in with a party of Indians, amounting to upwards of one hundred, on their way to attack Boonsborough. Being unable to escape, he gave himself up, and also entered into a capitulation for the men who were making salt at the Licks, by which twenty-seven of them became prisoners. The Indians, elated with their

success, returned home in great triumph, instead of carrying their meditated attack upon Boonsborough into effect. Boon and his companions were taken to Chillicothe, on the Little Miami, from whence he and ten others were taken to Detroit, in March. The commandant, governor Hamilton, wished to ransom Boon, but the Indians would not agree to it. They had conceived a liking for him, and determined to adopt him; and accordingly they soon returned with him to Chillicothe, leaving his ten companions behind at Detroit. He was there adopted into one of the principal families, and became a great favorite, in consequence of his skill in the use of the rifle, and his judicious conduct in not letting his superiority be too visible. In June he was sent with a party to the Scioto salt-springs to make salt. When they returned to Chillicothe, he found four hundred and fifty warriors assembled there, armed and painted, and just on the eve of marching to attack Boonsborough. The imminent danger to his friends, and the almost certainty of the capture of the place, if surprised unprepared, determined him to escape and give them warning of the impending attack, at the hazard of his life. Concealing a single meal of victuals in his blanket, he went out, as if to hunt, as he was permitted to do, and shaping his course for Boonsborough, arrived there in about four days, having in that time traveled one hundred and sixty miles, not even taking time to kill an animal for food. On his arrival, he found the place in a bad state of defence; but no time was lost until the proper arrangements were made for the reception of the enemy, who, however, in consequence of the escape of Boon, delayed their expedition for about three weeks. Having learnt their determination to postpone their invasion, from a prisoner who escaped from them soon after Boon left them, Boon started with nineteen other men, to attack a town on Paint creek, which also bore the name of Chillicothe, and is now, like its namesake on the Little Miami, called Oldtown. On arriving within about four miles of the place, they met a party of thirty Indians, who were on their way to join the grand army on its march against Boonsborough. When the parties approached each other, Simon Kenton, whose name is almost as celebrated in the annals of Kentucky, as that of Daniel Boon himself, and who now (1833) resides in Logan county, Ohio, was some distance in advance of Boon's party, acting in the capacity of a spy. Hearing a loud laugh in a thicket in front, he concealed himself behind a tree, and had just taken his station, when he saw two Indians upon one horse, coming directly towards him, talking and laughing in fine humor. When they had approached sufficiently near, he aimed at the breast of the foremost and fired. The ball passed through the Indian, killing him and wounding the other.

Kenton immediately rushed up to tomahawk the wounded one, when hearing a rustling in the bushes, he turned round and saw two others aiming their rifles at him; and as he sprung aside, the balls whistled by his ears. He flew to the nearest tree for shelter, and in a moment saw about a dozen more of the enemy approaching; but at this critical juncture, the Kentuckians came up, and the Indians were soon put to flight, leaving the one that Kenton had killed upon the ground, two of those who fled being wounded. After the rout of the enemy, Boon sent a couple of spies to reconnoitre the town, which was found entirely evacuated. Concluding from this circumstance, that the Indian force must be on its way to the attack of Boonsborough, he was aware of the danger of its reaching the place before his return, and the party therefore marched day and night in order to regain the fort in time. On the sixth day of August, they fell upon the trail of the enemy's main body, and taking a circuit to avoid them, arrived at the fort on the seventh, while the enemy did not arrive until the eighth. The garrison did not amount to fifty men, while the Indians numbered between five and seven hundred, and were led by a captain in the British service, from Canada, named Du Quesne. The fort being surrounded, the garrison was summoned to surrender in the name of the king of England. Boon demanded two days to consider the subject, and immediately called a council of all the men in the fort, who unanimously resolved to defend themselves to the last extremity. Keeping their determination secret, they privately collected their cattle and horses within the fort, and employed the time in strengthening their defences, until the two days had expired, when their answer was given. Du Quesne, on receiving their refusal to surrender, still pressed upon them the advantages of a treaty, and made further proposals. The negotiations were continued for another day, and some terms

were agreed upon, and a treaty was signed; but the whole proceeding was only a stratagem on the part of the enemy, to get Boon and some more of the garrison into their power. The treaty was concluded about sixty yards from the gate of the fort, and after it was signed, two Indians approached each white man, under pretence of shaking hands with him, and seizing him, attempted to drag him off as a prisoner. They all extricated themselves, however, and ran towards the fort, and the garrison opening an instant fire upon their pursuers, enabled them to reach the gate in safety, with the exception of one, who was wounded. The fort was then vigorously attacked, and the siege was kept up for nine days, during which time the enemy made numerous attempts to set the cabins on fire, and also to undermine the wall of the fort, but being unsuccessful, they at length abandoned their object, and returned home with the loss of thirty-seven killed and a considerable number wounded. The Kentuckians had two killed and four wounded. J.

LITERARY INQUIRER.

EDITED BY W. VERRINDER.

BUFFALO, TUESDAY, JUNE 4, 1833.

TRAVELING AGENT WANTED.—A smart, active, and industrious young man, of good morals and irreproachable character, may obtain immediate and permanent employment, as Traveling Agent for this Journal.—Respectable references will be required.

KNOWLEDGE MULTIPLIES THE PLEASURES OF THE MIND.—Every one, even the most industrious, has some time which is not required by business, and which he could devote to the attainment of useful knowledge. But how few are there who thus employ their leisure hours. How much valuable time is irretrievably lost, which, if duly improved, might render its possessors not only more happy, but better qualified to discharge their duty as citizens and as men. Should it not, then, be a matter of serious concern with all persons—but especially with the young—to ascertain in what manner they can employ their leisure hours, so as to secure the greatest good for themselves and confer the most benefit on their country? To all reflecting men, it will, we conceive, be evident, that in no way can they more effectually promote their own happiness or the interests of their fellow-citizens, than by applying themselves diligently to the pursuit of knowledge. With a view to induce in the younger portion of our readers, to whom especially we dedicate these remarks, an ardent desire for knowledge and a fixed determination to employ themselves in its acquirement, we might descant on the usefulness of learning, the perfection it imparts to the mind, and the satisfaction which a man grown old in knowledge and wisdom must feel in the retrospect of his past life. But we prefer enlarging on another topic, which, if not more important, is perhaps better adapted to allure our young friends to the paths of literature and science. For a few minutes, then, we will direct their attention to the interesting truth, that *the acquisition of knowledge multiplies the pleasures of the mind.*

There is nothing which is more anxiously desired, or more earnestly sought after, than happiness. To the pursuit of this, all men are, by the very constitution of their nature, irresistibly impelled. But how many mistake its source; how few form correct ideas of its nature. What vast numbers are immersed in low and unworthy pursuits, vainly seeking happiness from the senses, and imagining that this inestimable boon can be realized in sensual gratifications and delights. Such persons, surely, can not know or have never experienced the pure and exalted pleasures of mind. They must be unacquainted with the refined enjoyments of those who indulge the flights of fancy or speculation, and push their researches into all the abstruse corners of truth and the hidden mysteries of science.

The pleasures of intellect as far excel those of sense, as reason is superior to instinct—as heaven is higher than earth. The one class is base and groveling, the other pure and dignified—refined in its nature and celestial in its origin and tendencies. The one class degrades, while the other ennobles; the one is evanescent, the other is perpetual. The pleasures of sense have been aptly compared to the waters of an artificial stream, which, breaking through their appointed bounds, occasionally deluge the neighboring plains, spreading desolation as they flow, and causing pestilence as they retire: the pleasures of mind, on the contrary, have been likened to a deep and tranquil river, which expands as it proceeds, and which glides on with ease and majesty to its parent source. Hence an eloquent writer has justly remarked, that "one great secret of education lies in inducing a taste for mental pleasures, and in establishing an enlightened preference for its joys, with a contempt for all sensual pursuits, when placed in competition with them."

It is of the greatest importance to excite in the juvenile mind a passion for reading. O how fruitful a source of instruction it would prove. How inestimable the benefits it would impart. The youth in whom it exists will be led to hold intercourse with the sages of antiquity; to become intimate with the learned and the illustrious of every age; to acquire a knowledge of the customs of other countries and the manners of other climes; to trace the circumstances and events which exert an influence on individuals, nations, and empires—occasioning the rise of some, the fall of others; to accompany the devoted traveler on his way, as he paces the trackless desert or ascends the lofty mountain; and, in a word, to gain information from every age and quarter of the world, and on every subject that lies within the bounds of human research and ingenuity. But in addition to this, the young should obtain a knowledge of men—an accurate and extensive acquaintance with the world. Books may be of essential service, but books can not do all. With the love of reading, a habit of close observation and the tendency to reflect, must be connected. Reading and contemplation are the two great sources of knowledge: those in whom they are most closely united, and by whom they are most constantly exercised, will discover and enjoy the deepest channels of intellectual pleasures, the most abundant fountains of thought, and endless sources of improvement and delight.

COMMITTEE TO AWARD THE PREMIUMS.—We have great pleasure in announcing, that the following members of the Lyceum have, in compliance with our request, consented to act as the Committee to award the premiums offered in our first number:—**THEODOTUS BURWELL, Esq. President; Dr. B. BURWELL, First Vice President; G. W. JOHNSON, Esq. Recording Secretary; D. TILLINGHAST, Esq. Curator; Hon. MILLERD FILLMORE, Hon. JAMES STRYKER, and O. FOLLET, Esq.**

LITERARY PERIODICALS.—In a preceding page will be found the prospectus of the *Monthly Traveler*, an interesting work published in Boston, and also of the *Western Medical Gazette*, a semi-monthly publication emanating from Cincinnati. We have extracted an Essay from the last number of each.

We have received the first six numbers of Parley's useful and entertaining magazine for children and youth, but want of room compels us to defer until next number both the prospectus and notice of this truly valuable publication. Each number contains sixteen pages of letter-press, and is "abundantly illustrated with spirited engravings." Published by Lilly, Wait, and Co. Boston; and sold by the principal Booksellers in the United States. Terms: One dollar per annum in advance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have received "Philo," our Utica friend's "four budgets," and other original communications. Particulars in our next.

POETRY.

From the Buffalo Journal.

INVOCATION TO A TEAR.

There is when day's last shadows fly
And no observer's near,
'Neath memory's retrospective eye,
A secret rapture in a sigh,
A pleasure in a tear.

There is, when hushed is every sound,
The world absorbed in sleep—
Where peaceful silence reigns around,
A charm in pensive mood profound,
To sit alone and weep.

I own thou briny drop of woe—
Child of the lonely hour—
I fondly love to bid thee flow,
And oft invite thee to bestow
Thy salutary power.

Then come—now bustling day is o'er
And tranquil hours appear,
Peace to my wounded heart restore,
And let experience taste once more
The pleasure of a tear.

HAMLET.

SERENADE.

The mist is on the mountain,
The dew is on the flower;
The shadow on the fountain
Now deeper down doth lower;
The foliage, though dark its dress,
Assumes a darker hue;
For day, with all its loveliness,
Is fading from my view.

The stars that are in heaven strown,
Bright beaming from above,
Like angels' eyes, are looking down
In gentleness and love;
The moon is brightly smiling on
Our favorite bower and me;
And must I linger here alone,
My lady-love, for thee?

Our trysted hour long since hath rung
From every neighboring tower;
The nightingale her hymn hath sung,
To hail the twilight hour;
Then what can stay my lady-love?
Why taries she so late?
'Tis past her time—the turtle dove
Is nestled with her mate.

A step is on the yielding grass,
Light as the morning dew!
And ah! the flowers, as she doth pass,
Rise brighter to the view;
'Tis she herself who treads the grove,
With fleetest foot to me;
My lady-love! my lady-love!
My blessing rest on thee!

THE MOONLIGHT OF THE HEART.

BY MRS. AEDY.

Oh! gaily, in Life's morning bright,
Love speeds the rosy hours,
Illumes each scene with smiling light,
And strews each spot with flowers;
Around his shrine young Hope and Joy
Their fairest gifts impart;
Nor doubts can chill, nor fears destroy,
The Sunshine of the Heart.

Those flowers will droop, those beams must wane,
But, when their glories cease,
A softer spell will still remain,
To soothe the soul to peace;
For then shall Friendship's tranquil rays
A hallowed charm impart,
And cast o'er Life's declining days
The Moonlight of the Heart.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Ingenious Application of the Principle, that solid Bodies are Dilated or Contracted by Changes of Temperature.—This principle was beautifully applied by M. Molard, some years ago, in Paris. The weight of the roof of the large gallery of the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers* pressed the sides outwards so as to endanger the building; and it was requisite to find means by which the wall should be propped so as to sustain the roof. M. Molard contrived the following ingenious plan for the purpose. A series of strong iron bars were carried across the building from wall to wall, passing thro' holes in the walls, and were secured by nuts on the outside. In this state they would have been sufficient to prevent the further separation of the walls by the weight of the roof, but it was desirable to restore the walls to their original state by drawing them together. This was effected in the following manner:—Alternate bars were heated by lamps fixed beneath them. They expanded; and consequently the nuts, which were previously in contact with the walls, were no longer so. These nuts were then screwed up so as to be again in close contact with the walls. The lamps were withdrawn, and the bars now allowed to cool. In cooling they gradually contracted, and resumed their former dimensions; consequently the nuts, pressing against the walls, drew them together through a space equal to that through which they had been screwed up. Meanwhile the intermediate bars were heated and expanded, and the nuts screwed up as before. The lamps being again withdrawn, they contracted in cooling, and the walls were further drawn together. This process was continually repeated, until at length the walls were restored to their perpendicular position. The gallery may still be seen with the bars extending across it, and binding together its walls.

Uses of Non-Conductors.—A silver or metallic tea-pot is never constructed with a handle of the same metal, while a porcelain tea-pot, on the contrary, will be found always to have a porcelain handle. The reason of this is, that metal being a good conductor of heat, the handle of the silver or other metallic tea-pot would speedily acquire the same temperature as the water which the vessel contains, and it would be impossible to apply the hand to it without pain. On the other hand, it is usual to place a wooden or ivory handle on a metal tea-pot. These substances being bad conductors of heat, the handle will be slow to take the temperature of the metal; and even if it do take it, will not produce the same sensation of heat in the hand. A handle, apparently silver, is sometimes put on a silver tea-pot, but, if examined, it will be found that the covering only is silver; and that at the points where the handle joins the vessel, there is a small interruption between the metallic covering and the metal of the tea-pot itself, which space is sufficient to interrupt the communication of heat to the silver which covers the handle. In a porcelain tea-pot, the heat is slowly transmitted from the vessel to its handle; and even when it is transmitted, the handle, being a bad conductor, may be touched without inconvenience.

A kettle which has a metal handle can not be touched when filled with boiling water, without a covering of some non-conducting substance, such as cloth or paper; while one with a wooden handle may be touched without inconvenience.

The feats sometimes performed by quacks and mountebanks, in exposing their bodies to fierce temperatures, may be easily explained on the principle here laid down. When a man goes into an oven raised to a very high temperature, he takes care to have under his feet a thick mat of straw, wool, or other non-conducting substance, upon which he may stand with impunity at the proposed temperature. His body is surrounded with air, raised, it is true, to a high temperature; but the extreme tenuity of this fluid causes all that portion of it in contact with the body at any given time to produce but a slight effect in communicating heat. The exhibitor always takes care to be out of contact with any good conducting substance; and when he exhibits the effect produced by the oven in which he is enclosed upon other objects, he takes equal care to place them in a condition very different from that in which he himself is placed; he exposes them to the effect of metal or other good conductors. Meat has been exhibited, dressed in the apartment with the exhibitor: a metal surface is in such a case provided, and, probably, heated to a much higher temperature than the atmosphere which surrounds the exhibitor.

Bleaching Ivory.—Antique works in ivory, that have become discolored, may be brought to a pure whiteness by exposing them to the sun under glasses. It is the particular property of ivory to resist the action of the sun's rays when it is under glass; but, when deprived of this protection, to become covered with a multitude of minute cracks. To bleach these pieces of ivory, it is sufficient merely to heat them gently over a charcoal fire, into which is thrown a small quantity of pulverized sulphur.

A portable boat has lately been exhibited in New York. It is made to be taken apart for packing and transportation in a more compact form; and is put together again by means of screws. The figure and finish of the boat are said to be very perfect.

MISCELLANY.

Epigram.—The term epigram, which literally signifies an inscription, was first appropriated to those short sentences which were inscribed on offerings made in temples. It was afterwards transferred to the inscription on the temple gate; thence to other edifices, to the statues of gods and heroes, and of men whether living or dead; and the term remained, whether the inscription was in verse or in prose. The brevity of these inscriptions, which rendered it so easy to impress on the memory any particular event, or any illustrious name, soon recommended them for other purposes. The lawgiver adopted them to convey a moral precept, and the lover to express a tender sentiment; and hence, in process of time, almost every little poem, which concisely presented one distinct idea, or pursued one general argument, acquired the title of epigram.

Comparative Conditions.—One of the greatest arts, (says Johnson,) of escaping superfluous uneasiness, is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others, on whom the blessings of life are more bountifully bestowed, or with imaginary states of delight and security, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a situation so gloomy and distressful, as not to see, every day, beings yet more forlorn and miserable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

An Old Maid Consol'd.—A lady complained how rapidly time stole away, and said, "Alas! I am near thirty!" Scarron, who was present, and knew her age, said, "Do not fret at it, madam, for you will get further from that frightful epoch every day."

Beauty of Youth.—Is it not true that the young not only appear to be, but really are, most beautiful in the presence of those they love? It calls forth all their beauty.

The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by pain.

A LOVER'S WISH.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
Oh that I were yon spangled sphere!
Then every star should be an eye,
To wander o'er thy beauties here.

Increased and Additional Literary Premiums.—With a view to encourage the efforts of native genius, the following premiums will be given to the writers of the best articles for the various departments of the *Literary Inquirer*, which shall be contributed on or before the last day of October next. A Gold Medal, or Fifty Dollars, to the writer of the best Tale, suitable for publication in this paper; a Gold Medal, or Twenty-five Dollars, to the writer of the best Poem on any interesting and appropriate subject; a Silver Medal, or Fifteen Dollars, to the writer of the best Biographical Sketch of some eminent character; and a Silver Medal, or Ten Dollars, to the writer of the best Essay on some subject connected with literature or science. On the medals, should the successful competitors prefer them to their respective value in cash, will be engraven suitable inscriptions.

A letter, containing the title of the article and the name and residence of the writer, should be enclosed, or sent separately, marked on the outside—"Name only." All communications to be addressed to the Editor of the *Literary Inquirer*, 214, Main-street, Buffalo.

* * Should our journal meet with sufficient encouragement, we propose, in the early part of next year, to offer such liberal premiums for original compositions—both literary and scientific, as will not fail to secure the assistance and co-operation of the most eminent writers in the country. April 9, 1833.

¶ Editors with whom we exchange, or who are desirous of an exchange, will confer a favor by giving the above a few insertions.

The *LITERARY INQUIRER* is published every other Tuesday, under the patronage of the Buffalo Lyceum, at *One Dollar and a Half* per annum, if paid in advance; or *Two Dollars* per annum, if paid at the end of the year.

No subscription received for a less term than one year, unless paid in advance, and at the rate of two dollars per annum; and no paper discontinued, except at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

Orders and Communications to be addressed (post-paid) to the Proprietor, W. Verrinder, 214, Main-street Buffalo.

AGENTS.—Hamburg: Chas. Pringle, P.M.—Rochester: Alex. Gordon, *Rochester Nursery*—Cleveland: Edward H. Thompson—Clinton: B. Hickcox, P.M.—Dunkirk: Ezra Williams, P.M.—Springville: E. Mack, P.M.—Westfield: Orlando M'Knight—North Boston: R. B. Edmunds, P.M.—Lockport: M. H. Tucker, P.M.—Silver Creek: J. Elsworth, P.M.—Eden: S. Mallory, P.M.—Evans: W. Van Duzer, P.M.—Penn-Yan: T. H. Bassett—Willink: P. M. Vosburgh, P.M.—Batavia: Marmont B. Edson, Post-Office—Forrestville: A. H. Corey, P.M.—Jamestown: Assistant Post Master—Ewington, (Illinois): J. H. Gillespie, P.M.—Shawnee: E. Smith.